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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 1/LDL J 191 B

"DOCTOR WHO" 7E

AMENDED 11.5.87

'Paradise Towers'

by

Stephen Wyatt

EPISODE ONE

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Script Editor	ANDREW CARTMEL
Production Associate	ANN FAGGETTER
Production Secretary	KATE EASTEAL
Director	NICK MALLETT
Production Manager	IAN FRASER
A.F.M.	VAL McCrimmon
Production Assistant	FRANCES GRAHAM
Designer	MARTIN COLLINS
Costume Designer	JANET THARBY
Make-Up Artist	SHAUNNA HARRISON
Visual Effects Designer	
Technical Co-ordinator	RICHARD WILSON
Lighting Director	HENRY BARBER
Sound Supervisor	BRIAN CLARK
Video Effects	DAVE CHAPMAN
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7E - 'Paradise Towers'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
MEL
THE CHIEF CARETAKER
DEPUTY CHIEF CARETAKER
YOUNG CARETAKER
BIN LINER. Red Kang Leader
FIRE ESCAPE. Red Kang Leader
YELLOW KANG. (NON-SPEAKING)
BLUE KANG
PEX
TILDA, a Rezzie
TABBY, another Rezzie
CARETAKERS
KANGS
CLEANERS

* * * * *

SETS:

The Tardis
Square
Street (One)
Street (Two)
The Caretakers' Headquarters
The Rezzies' Apartment and Corridor outside
Lift (inside and outside)

In later episodes:

The Red Kangs' Headquarters and Approach
The Swimming Pool
Basement

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO" 7E

'Paradise Towers'

by

Stephen Wyatt

EPISODE ONE

1. INT. POTASSIUM STREET. PARADISE TOWERS.

(THE STREETS OF
PARADISE TOWERS
ARE COMPLETELY
ENCLOSED AND
LIT BY ARTIFICAL
LIGHT.

EACH IS PAINTED
IN INDIVIDUALISED
COLOURS (POTASSIUM
STREET'S BEING
SILVERY BLUE)
AND, BETWEEN THE
NUMBERED FRONT
DOORS OF THE
TOWERS' DWELLERS'
FLATS, ARE
FUTURISTIC
STREETLIGHTS,
NOOKS AND DRINKING
FOUNTAINS.

UNFORTUNATELY
EVERYTHING IS
BROKEN OR IN
DECAY NOT UNLIKE
THE CORRIDORS
OF A DILAPIDATED
HIGH-RISE.

THE FLOOR IS
COVERED IN
JUNK.

THE WALLS ARE
COVERED IN
BRIGHT MULTI-
COLOURED SCRAWLS
SUGGESTING
FUTURISTIC
GRAFFITI.

SOUNDS OF
CHANTING IN
THE DISTANCE
LIKE THOSE OF
A CHILDREN'S
GAME.

ROUND A CORNER
AND DOWN THE
STREET RUNS A
TEENAGE GIRL
OBVIOUSLY TIRED
AND FRIGHTENED.

SHE IS DRESSED
ALL IN YELLOW
AND HER COSTUME
AND HAIR ARE IN
A STYLE BEST
DESCRIBED AS
KUNG-FU PUNK.

SHE TRIPS AND
FALLS.

THE CHANTING
GROWS LOUDER.

THE GIRL HALF
RAISES HERSELF
AND LISTENS,
DRAWING BREATH.
THEN SHE STARTS
TO CRAWL WEARILY
TOWARDS THE
NEAREST WALL.

- 3 -

THE GIRL IS TOO
PREOCCUPIED TO
REGISTER WHAT
IS SCRAWLED ON
THE WALL ABOVE HER
AS THE CHANTING
INCREASES IN
VOLUME.

BUT WE MOVE
CLOSER TO THE
GRAFFITI AND SEE
THAT THE ONE
ABOVE THE GIRL
SHOWS CARTOON-
STYLE A GIRL MUCH
LIKE THIS ONE
BEING THREATENED
BY TWO LARGE WHITE
MECHANICAL CLAWS)

- 3 -

2. INT. THE TARDIS.

(VIDEO PICTURES
OF A LUXURIOUS
LOOKING FUTURISTIC
TOWER-BLOCK.
(MODEL) ACCOMPANYING
THIS CHEERFUL
TRAVELOGUE-STYLE
MUSIC.

WE CUT BACK TO
SEE MELANIE AND
THE DOCTOR WATCHING
THE VIDEO ON A
SMALL SCREEN IN THE
TARDIS.

MEL IS LOVING
IT BUT THE DOCTOR
IS VISIBLELY BORED.

MEL POINTING
EXCITEDLY AT THE
SCREEN:)

MEL: Oh, look, Doctor, look.
There's the swimming pool. Right
at the very top of the building.
It's wonderful. I can't wait to
have a dip in that.

(SHE STARES
ENRAPTURED AT
THE SCREEN)

Mmm. Paradise Towers here we come.

(CLOSE-UP OF
THE DOCTOR, WHO
WATCHES HER,
SHAKING HIS HEAD)

THE DOCTOR: (HALF TO HIMSELF) That's
the trouble with young people today.
No spirit of adventure.

3. INT. POTASSIUM STREET. PARADISE TOWERS.

(THE GIRL HAS
TAKEN REFUGE
IN A DOORWAY.

THE CHANTING
HAS STOPPED BUT
A GIRL'S JEERING
VOICE IS HEARD)

FIRST RED KANG: (VOICE) Yellow
Kangs are cowardly cutlets! Yellow
Kangs are cowardly cutlets!

(THE CRY IS
TAKEN UP AND
REPEATED BY
OTHER VOICES.

WE STAY ON THE
GIRL'S TENSE
FACE AS THE
JEERING DIES
AWAY)

SECOND RED KANG: (VOICE) It's no
go. Find her another day. Cowardly
cutlet!

FIRST RED KANG: (VOICE) (LAUGHING)
Leave her for the Cleaners.

(THE VOICES FADE,
LAUGHING.

THE GIRL BREATHES
A SIGH OF RELIEF.

WE SEE AGAIN THE
GRAFFITI OF THE
MECHANICAL CLAWS
ABOVE HER.

THEN FROM THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION
SHE HEARS A FAINT
MECHANICAL
WHIRRING LIKE
A FAULTY VACUUM
CLEANER.

THE SOUND PUZZLES
HER.

IT GROWS LOUDER.

WE SEE THE MENACING
GRAFFITI AGAIN.

THE GIRL TURNS TO
FACE THE SOUND.
HER FACE EXPRESSES
DISBELIEF THEN
HORROR.

SHE STANDS
PARALYSED LOOKING
AT SOMETHING MOVING
CLOSER AND CLOSER.
SHE STARTS TO
SCREAM.

THE MECHANICAL
SOUND BECOMES
DEAFENING CUTTING
OFF HER SCREAMS)

4. INT. THE TARDIS.

(THE DOCTOR IS
NOW AT THE
TARDIS'S
CONTROL PANEL.

MEL IS STILL
WATCHING THE
VIDEO WITH THE
MUSIC BLARING
FROM IT)

THE DOCTOR: I think that's enough of
the guide book now, Mel.

MEL: Why? It's great.

THE DOCTOR: Well, of course, if you'd
rather sit and watch the guide book
when you could actually be enjoying
the real thing then that's up to you.

MEL: You mean we're nearly there.

THE DOCTOR: Paradise Towers any-
second now.

MEL: Fantastic.

THE DOCTOR: You may want to lie by a
pool and do nothing all day, I intend
to explore. Paradise Towers is a
remarkable architecural achievement,
I'm told. It won all sorts of awards
back in the 21st Century. Well, are
you ready.

MEL: Ready? I can't wait.

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(ON THE VIDEO:
THE CLEAN,
GLEAMING IMAGE
OF PARADISE
TOWERS)

MODEL SHOT 1:

Paradise Towers in reality.
A giant futuristic high
rise complex gone to
seed. Filthy, dilapidated,
overgrown with ivy-like
vegetation, shattered
windows, etc.

END MODEL SHOT 1.

5. INT. SQUARE. PARADISE TOWERS.

(A MEDIUM-SIZED
SQUARE ON ONE
OF THE FLOORS
OF PARADISE
TOWERS.

LARGE GLASS
WINDOWS LET
IN DAYLIGHT
THOUGH THEY ARE
SMASHED.

A FOUNTAIN IN
THE CENTRE THAT
DOESN'T WORK.

FUTURISTIC
LITTER EVERYWHERE.

CORRIDORS LEADING
OFF FROM TWO
SIDES.

THE TARDIS
MATERIALISES
AMIDST A HEAP
OF JUNK)

6. INT. TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR: Well, here we are.

(HE PRESSES
APPROPRIATE
PART OF THE
CONTROL PANEL
TO OPEN DOOR.

THE DOOR
OPENS NOISLY.

A PILE OF RUBBISH
FALLS INTO THE
TARDIS.

MEL AND THE
DOCTOR LOOK
AT THIS IN
STUNNED SURPRISE
FOR A MOMENT.

THEN THEY LOOK
OUT BEYOND THE
DOOR AND THEIR
FACES FALL
EVEN FURTHER)

MEL: Oh no. It can't be.

THE DOCTOR: I think it can.

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7/8/9 INT. SQUARE. PARADISE TOWERS.

(THE DOCTOR
AND MEL COME
OUT OF THE
TARDIS TRIPPING
OVER RUBBISH.)

MEL LOOKS
APPALLED.

THE DOCTOR
LOOKS AROUND
EXCITEDLY)

THE DOCTOR: (STOOPING EXCITEDLY)
Just look at this. Extraordinary.
(SEEING SOMETHING ELSE) And this.

MEL: It's just rubbish.

THE DOCTOR: Nothing's just rubbish
if you have an enquiring mind.

MEL: (SIGHS) No, Doctor ...
You don't happen to know another
planet with a swimming pool, do you?

(THE DOCTOR
STILL PICKING
OVER THE RUBBISH:)

THE DOCTOR: There's an absolutely
spectacular heated pool on the planet
Griophos I believe.

MEL: (ALL READY TO LEAVE) We could
try there.

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THE DOCTOR: There's just one snag.

MEL: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: It's for the exclusive use of the Gulmeres.

MEL: Who are they?

THE DOCTOR: A rather nasty breed of flesh-eating octopuses. Personally, I'd rather stay here and explore. I wonder what's happened.

MEL: It's got awful. That's what's happened.

(PAUSE)

MEL: Still, now we're here, I suppose I may as well see what the pool's like.

THE DOCTOR: That's more the spirit, Mel. This could all be fascinating. Are you coming?

MEL: Yes, but one thing -

THE DOCTOR: What?

MEL: If anything goes wrong and we get separated, we'll meet at the pool, alright?

- 15 /16/17/18 -

THE DOCTOR:

Oh- very well. But we've
only just arrived. Let's
not start getting worried yet.

(HE IS CUT OFF SUDDENLY
AS A COUPLE OF ARROWS
LOOKING VERY MUCH LIKE
THEY'RE MADE OUT OF
TV AERIALS WHIZZ TOWARDS
THEM AND PIN THEM TO
THE WALL)

- 15 /16/17/18 -

10. INT. POTASSIUM STREET.

(A YOUNGISH MAN IN
A RATHER TATTERED
SORT OF COMMISSIONNAIRE'S
UNIFORM IS WALKING
SLOWLY DOWN A
CORRIDOR TALKING
INTO A BATTERED
BUT FUTURISTIC FORM
OF WALKY-TALKY)

CARETAKER: Caretaker number 345
stroke 12 subsection 3 reporting.
I am proceeding along Potassium Street
corridor 5673 section 201 opposite
door 782 on floor 35 north side.
Over.

(HE LOOK ALONG THE
WALLS AT THE
GRAFFITI. THESE
INCLUDE A SCRAWL
OF A WHITE MECHANICAL
CREATURE WITH CLAWS.

HE TUT-TUTS)

VOICE: This is the Chief Caretaker
speaking. We are receiving you
Caretaker number 345 stroke 12
subsection 3. Make your report.

CARETAKER: (INTO WALKY-TALKY)
Considerable evidence of multi-
coloured wallscrawl all along this
part of street. Wallscrawlers
obviously active here. Over.

VOICE: Report noted. Proceed now
to report on corridor 5673 section
301.

CARETAKER: Very good, Chief.

(HE IS MOVING
ALONG THE CORRIDOR
WHEN SUDDENLY HIS
FOOT STRIKES AGAINST
SOMETHING. HE LOOKS
DOWN.)

HE QUICKLY REACHES
FOR THE WALKY-TALKY)

Caretaker number 345 stroke 12
subsection 3 reporting. I, I -

(HE IS TOO
AGITATED TO CONTINUE)

VOICE: Chief Caretaker speaking.
We are receiving you. Caretaker number
345 stroke 12 subsection 3. You are
to proceed to section 301. What's
the matter?

CARETAKER: I - I -

(SUDDENLY LETTING
IT OUT)

I'm scared, Chief.

11. INT. THE SQUARE

(THE DOCTOR AND MEL
ARE STILL PINNED TO THE
WALL BUT NOW SURROUNDED
BY THE RED KANGS, ONE
OF THE GANGS THAT ROAM THE
TOWERS ARMED WITH STRANGE
METALLIC CROSSBOWS PUT
TOGETHER FROM BITS OF
SCRAP METAL. THEY ARE
DRESSED IN A STYLE SIMILAR
TO THE KANG WE'VE ALREADY
SEEN (pg.2), EXCEPT IN RED.

A MENACING SILENCE)

THE DOCTOR: Look, what do you want?

(THE KANGS DO NOT
REPLY, JUST STARE
MOCKINGLY)

At least tell us who you are.

FIRST KANG: (AS IF IT'S OBVIOUS)
We're the kangs.

SECOND: The Red Kangs. Red Kangs
are best. (TURNING TO THE OTHERS)
Who's best?

(FIRST KANG AND
SECOND KANG.
IT'S OBVIOUSLY
A RITUAL)

(FIRST KANG:
(Tog.) (Red Kangs, Red Kangs,
Red Kangs are best
(SECOND KANG:

(THE OTHER KANGS
MAKE ENTHUSIASTIC
SOUNDS. THEY CROWD
ROUND, CROSSBOWS
AT THE READY)

THE DOCTOR AND
MEL QUAIL)

FIRST KANG: So who's best?

THE DOCTOR: The Red Kangs I gather.

(DESPERATE TO
CHANGE THE SUBJECT)

But there are other coloured Kangs
are there?

FIRST KANG: Yeah. The Blue Kangs.
But they're cowardly cutlets.

SECOND KANG: And the Yellow Kangs.
But they're only one now.

THE DOCTOR: Why's that?

FIRST KANG: Just is.

THE DOCTOR: Not got very enquiring
minds have you?

MEL: Quiet Doctor.

(MEL'S OUTBURST
ATTRACTS THE KANGS
ATTENTION)

FIRST KANG: You a Kang?

MEL: No, I'm not a Kang. I'm Mel.
I don't know what the Kangs are.

SECOND KANG: We're Kangs. Red Kangs.

THE DOCTOR: Who are, of course, the best. (TO MEL) It's obviously some sort of gang. All girls by the look of it. Maybe they'll ask you to join up.

MEL: I hope not.

FIRST KANG: (CUTTING ACROSS THIS)
Bin Liner.

THE DOCTOR: Sorry?

FIRST KANG: (POINTING AT HERSELF)
Bin Liner. (POINTING AT MEL) Mel.
(POINTING AT HERSELF) Bin Liner.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, now we're getting somewhere. (POINTING AT HIMSELF)
I am the Doctor.

SECOND KANG: Fire Escape.

THE DOCTOR: Fire Escape. Bin Liner.
Good names. How do you do.

(HE OFFERS HIS
HAND TO SHAKE
THEIRS BUT THEY
STARE AT IT
SUSPICIOUSLY.

CROSSBOWS ARE
RAISED)

I only wanted to be friendly.

BIN LINER: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Friendly.

THE DOCTOR: To say hello.

FIRE ESCAPE: Ah. (TO OTHERS) He wants to how you do. Do we?

(MOMENTARY HESITATION
BEFORE THE OTHER KANGS
NOD APPROVAL.

MEL AND THE
DOCTOR ARE UNPINNED
FROM THE WALL.

FIRE ESCAPE BOWS
AND DOES A VERSION
OF PAT-A-CAKE.
IT IS SOLEMN AND
SLIGHTLY MENACING SO
THE DOCTOR AND MEL
HAVE TO QUICKLY REPRESS
A DESIRE TO GIGGLE.

THE DOCTOR IMITATES
FIRE ESCAPE.

THEY BOW.

THEN BIN LINER DOES
THE SAME.

THE OTHERS BOW
AS SHE FINISHES)

THE DOCTOR: Don't forget Mel here,
will you?

(FIRE ESCAPE SHAKES
HER HEAD)

What's the matter?

FIRE ESCAPE: You we like, Doctor.
What you wear is high fabshion and
icehot for an old one.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you very much.
But clothes aren't everything you
know.

BIN LINER: No. But Kangs all have
colours. Blue. Yellow. Red. What
is Mel's colour.

MEL: I don't have a colour. And I
don't want to be a Kang.

FIRE ESCAPE: (FIERCELY) We don't
want you to be a Kang. Not a Red Kang.

12. INT. ANOTHER STREET.

(THE CARETAKER IS
MOVING SWIFTLY
ALONG STILL TALKING
INTO HIS NOZZLE,
OBVIOUSLY STILL
SCARED.

THE YELLOW KANG
SCARF IS OVER
HIS SHOULDER)

CARETAKER: Caretaker number 345 stroke 12 subsection 3 here. Am proceeding down corridor 5673 towards section 301 on floor 34 north side. Chief -

CHIEF: (V.O.) What is it now?

CARETAKER: Do I have to?

CHIEF: (V.O.) Orders are orders. Number one rule of the Caretakers, Caretaker number 345 stroke 12 subsection 3.

CARETAKER: But Chief, something's going wrong, I know it's going wrong. After that Yellow Wallscrawler. Can't I just -

CHIEF: (V.O.) No, Caretaker number 345 stroke 12 subsection 3, you can't.

CARETAKER: But Chief, listen -

(HIS VOICE FADES AWAY.

WE STAY WITH A
BLUE KANG WHO HAS
BEEN WATCHING FROM
A DOORWAY, WHEN THE
CARETAKER HAS
CLEARLY GONE,
THE BLUE KANG STEPS
FROM THE SHADOWS
AND RUNS TO A
BATTERED LOOKING
AND CLEARLY NON-
FUNCTIONAL FIRE
HYDRANT.

SHE FINDS A RECEIVER
INSIDE AND SPEAKS
INTO IT)

BLUE KANG: Yellow Kang the last believed
unalive. Reason not known.

13. INT. STREET.

(LOUD ELECTRICAL
NOISES FILL THE
STREET.

WE SEE THE LARGE
ALL WHITE LEGS
OF A ROBOT MOVING
DOWN IT.

THEN WE SEE WHAT
THE ROBOT IS PULLING.
A GLEAMING WHITE
HIGH-TECH VERSION
OF A DUSTCART.

THE LID IS NOT
QUITE SHUT AND
PROTRUDING FROM THE
CART IS THE NAKED
FOOT OF THE YELLOW
KANG)

14. INT. THE SQUARE.

(BIN LINER AND FIRE ESCAPE HAVE BEGUN THE 'RED KANGS ARE BEST' CHANT. THE OTHERS ARE INDICATING THEIR THEIR ENTHUSIASM)

THE DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN) Look, excuse me, but I think now we've been introduced some explanations are in order. We are visitors to the Paradise Towers. Only just arrived. You can't expect Mel to understand what you're talking about.

BIN LINER: No visitors.

THE DOCTOR: Pardon?

BIN LINER: No visitors. No ball games. No flyposts. No visitors.

THE DOCTOR: You mean visitors aren't allowed?

BIN LINER: (SHAKING HEAD) No visitors. Ever.

FIRE ESCAPE: Since time start.

THE DOCTOR: There's always a first time you know. Not everyone you meet is going to be a Kang.

FIRE ESCAPE: No. There are old ones. And Caretakers. And -

THE DOCTOR: (CURIOUS) And?

BIN LINER: (TO FIRE ESCAPE) Ware tongue! (TO DOCTOR) There are no others.

THE DOCTOR: (SUSPICIOUS) I see. So who are these Caretakers?

BIN LINER: They wipe away our wall scrawl. Chase us down carrydoors. Catch us if they can.

THE DOCTOR: I see. But young ones are Kangs?

FIRE ESCAPE: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Young girls I should say. There don't seem to be any boys.

FIRE ESCAPE: Boys? Boys? What are boys? Caretakers and Kangs and -

(AGAIN WITH A
GESTURE BIN
LINER STOPS
HER)

That is all.

THE DOCTOR: I see. Well, it's been very nice meeting you but perhaps we ought to be on our way now. Don't you think, Mel?

MEL: Yes, Doctor, not a moment to lose.

(THEY START TO
MOVE BUT THE
KANGS BLOCK THERE
PATH AGAIN)

BIN LINER: We heard you talk of the pool.

Ep.1

FIRE ESCAPE: The great pool in the sky.

THE DOCTOR: Did you? I expect your ears were playing you tricks.

(THEY TRY TO
MOVE BUT ARE
BLOCKED AGAIN.)

BIN LINER: You're coming with us.
To our Hide-in.

(KANGS WITH
CROSSBOWS
PRESS IN ON
THE DOCTOR AND
MEL)

THE DOCTOR: I wonder if Blue Kangs
behave like this too.

15. INT. STREET.

(FURTHER ALONG,
THE CARETAKER
IS STILL TALKING
INTO HIS WALKY-
TALKY, THOUGH
CLEARLY NERVOUS
AND HESITANT)

CARETAKER: As instructed, am
proceeding down corridor ...

(SUDDENLY THE
WALKY-TALKY
STARTS TO
MAKE A STRANGE
BLEEPING SOUND.

A FLICKERING
LURID LIGHT
COMES FROM IT)

(TAPPING IT) Chief ... chief ... are
you receiving me? (MORE DESPERATE)
Chief ...

(WE HEAR THE
BY NOW FAMILAR
ELECTRICAL
NOISES.

THE CARETAKER
LOOKS UP THE
STREET AND
FREEZES IN HORROR.

WE SEE THE WHITE
ROBOT FEET AND
THE DUSTCART BEHIND)

(STARING) No, it can't be ... The
Chief told us ... (cont...)

(CARETAKER STARTS
TAPPING FRANTICALLY
AT HIS WALKY-
TALKY WHICH IS
STILL GIVING
OUT ITS BEEPING
SOUND.

THE FEET AND THE
CART GET CLOSER.

SUDDENLY THE
WALKY-TALKY CLEARS)

CARETAKER: (cont) Chief?

CHIEF: (V.O.) Yes, caretaker
number 345 stroke 12 subsection 3?

CARETAKER: Oh thank goodness you're
there, Chief.

(THE FEET GETS
CLOSER)

CHIEF: (V.O.) Now don't panic,
caretaker number 345 stroke 12
subsection 3.

CARETAKER: But Chief ... it's ...
it's ...

CHIEF: (V.O.) Yes, yes. I know.

(A LARGE WHITE
MECHANICAL CLAW
GRABS THE CARETAKER
BY THE THROAT. HE
GURGLES HELPLESSLY)

16. INT. SQUARE.

(TWO KANGS ARE
TIEING THE
HANDS OF MEL
AND THE DOCTOR
BEHIND THEIR
BACKS)

THE DOCTOR: The art of knot-tying
hasn't died out here anyway.

MEL: I thought they liked you.

THE DOCTOR: They liked my clothes.
It's clearly not enough.

(BIN LINER COMES
UP)

BIN LINER: Are they tied and true?

(THE KANGS NOD)

Ready, Fire Escape?

(SHE TURNS TO
FIRE ESCAPE WHO
IS TALKING ON A
RECEIVER BASED
IN A BATTERED
MECHANICAL DRINKS
DISPENSER)

FIRE ESCAPER: (STILL LISTENING) Red
Kang Eye-Spy says we can't go through
usual carrydoor. Blue Kangs out and
lurking.

BIN LINER: And the Yellows?

FIRE ESCAPE: (LISTENING) No Yellows.
All unalive now.

BIN LINER: (AWED) All.

FIRE ESCAPE: (PUTTING DOWN RECEIVER)
All.

THE DOCTOR: Excuse me -

FIRE ESCAPE: What?

THE DOCTOR: Are you saying a whole
tribe of Kangs.. has been wiped out -
er made unalive - just like that?

(FIRE ESCAPE
NODS)

But why? You didn't kill them did
you?

FIRE ESCAPE: To make unalive is not
part of the Kang Game. No ball games.
No flyposts. No wipeouts.

THE DOCTOR: Then who does it? The
Blue Kangs? The Caretakers? Who?

FIRE ESCAPE: It takes place.

MEL: And they go to the pool in the
sky?

BIN LINER: Come on. We've been out
in the open spaces too long. We must
go. Ware Blue Kangs. (cont...)

(SHE MAKES A SIGN
WITH HER HANDS
LIKE SOME SORT OF
BLESSING)

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BIN LINER: (cont) Build High for Happiness.

(THE OTHER KANGS
MAKE A RESPONSE.

CLOSE-UP ON
THE DOCTOR AND
MEL. STARING AT
THIS STRANGE
RITUAL)

17. INT. CARETAKERS' HEADQUARTERS.

(CLOSE-UP OF A
CLOSED-CIRCUIT
TELEVISION
CAMERA, A
FUTURISTIC
VARIATION ON
THOSE FOUND
IN DEPARTMENT
STORES.)

BLACK AND WHITE
IMAGES FLASH
UP ONTO IT
SHOWING VARIOUS
EMPTY STREETS
AND CORNERS LIKE
PICTURES IN A
SLIDE SHOW, CLICKS
AND ALL.

THEN WE SEE A
PICTURE OF THE
DUSTCART MOVING
ALONG A CORRIDOR.

FROM ITS LID
NOW APPEARS THE
CARETAKER'S
FOOT AND AN
IDENTIFIABLE
PART OF HIS UNIFORM)

CHIEF: (STILL UNSEEN) A nice little
snack coming for you, my beauty. So
you'll grow up big and strong. That's
Daddy's little pet.

(A BUZZER ON
THE DESK MAKES
A NOISE)

Yes?

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DEPUTY: (V.O.) We've located that group of 'em, Chief. Large as life and twice as nasty.

CHIEF: Excellent. (INTO A SPEAKER) Attention all caretakers. Abandon further work on Master Plan QYT and, as set out in Regulation Book 145, proceed instead into Standard Emergency Plan 908B.

(A VOICE IS
HEARD FAINTLY.

HE LISTENS THEN
SAYS TETCHILY)

Yes, that's right. Seize all Red Wallscrawlers in Fountain of Happiness Square. Now.

18/19. INT. SQUARE.

(THE RED KANGS
ARE LEADING
THE DOCTOR AND
MEL TOWARDS
ONE OF THE
EXITS FROM
THE SQUARE)

THE DOCTOR: Sorry about the pool,
Mel.

MEL: That's alright.

(SUDDENLY THE
WAY OUT OF THE
SQUARE IS BARRED
BY CARETAKERS
LEAD BY THE
DEPUTY CHIEF,
A PLUMP POMPOUS
MAN OF FIFTY OR
SO)

BIN LINER: Caretakers! Run!

(THE RED KANGS
SWIFTLY SCATTER
AND DISAPPEAR
AS THE CARETAKERS
ADVANCE.

MEL PUSHED BY
FIRE ESCAPE
INSTINCTIVELY
RUNS WITH THEM)

DEPUTY: Right, you Wallscrewers,
let's be having you. (cont...)

(BUT BY THE TIME
HE AND THE OTHERS
HAVE GOT TO THE
FOUNTAIN THE
KANGS ARE ALL GONE.

ONLY THE DOCTOR
REMAINS, CURIOUS
TO MEET THESE
NEWCOMERS)

DEPUTY: (cont) Who are you?

THE DOCTOR: Never mind. Are you the
Caretakers?

DEPUTY: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: And do you take care?
Of people that is.

DEPUTY: Maybe.

THE DOCTOR: Then you seem our safest
bet for the moment. Don't they, Mel?

(HE TURNS AND
REALISES SHE
HAS GONE.

HIS EYES SEARCH
THE SQUARE)

Mel, Mel, where are you?
I must find Mel.

- 42/43 -

DEPUTY: "No, sunshine, you're coming with us."

(THE CARETAKERS
CONDUCT THE DOCTOR
FROM THE SQUARE.)

THE DOCTOR ANXIOUSLY
TRYING TO LOOK
BACK)

20. INT. STREET.

(RED KANGS RUN
DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

MEL FOLLOWS THEM
AS BEST SHE CAN
WITH HER HANDS
TIED BUT CANNOT
KEEP UP.

SHE STOPS AND
TURNS)

MEL: Doctor, Doctor -

(THERE IS NO
SIGN OF HIM
JUST AN EMPTY
CORRIDOR.

THE OTHER WAY
TOO NO ONE IN
SIGHT.

MEL SLUMPS GLUMLY
TO THE FLOOR,
GETTING HER BREATH
BACK)

That's done it. What now?

(SUDDENLY SHE
HEARS AN ELDERLY
FEMALE VOICE
CALLING:)

VOICE: Cooee!

(MEL LOOKS UP
PUZZLED)

Cooee! Would you care for a cup
of tea?

(MEL LOOKS UP
THE CORRIDOR.

A DOOR HAS OPENED
AND STANDING IN
IT IS A TINY
SWEET-LOOKING
OLD LADY, DRESSED
SOMEWHAT BIZARRELY
BUT APPARENTLY
VERY FRIENDLY.

SHE WAVES)

FIRST REZZIE: I said, would you
like a cup of tea? And some cakes.

(MEL DAZED,
AS SHE GETS
UP:)

MEL: Yes ... thank you ...

(SHE STARTS TO
MOVE TOWARDS
THE OLD LADY)

21. INT. REZZIES' FLAT.

(A CLUTTERED
JUMBLE OF A
ROOM WITH A
TABLE AND CHAIRS
IN THE MIDDLE,
A BUDGIE IN ITS
CAGE AND, BY
THE SINK, A
WASTE DISPOSAL
CHUTE.

THE TINY REZZIE
(TILDA) STANDS
BY THE DOOR.

JUST BEHIND HER
IS HER CONSIDERABLY
LARGER BUT STILL
SWEET-LOOKING
FRIEND, TABBY)

TABBY: Is she coming, Tilda?

TILDA: Yes.

TABBY: How does she look?

TILDA: Very nice.

TABBY: Is she -

TILDA: Hush, dear, she's nearly
here.

(GLANCING BACK
INTO THE ROOM)

Oh my goodness, Tabby, look at
the table. Quick!

(THE TABLE IS
COVERED WITH
SOME WELL-CHEWED
LARGE BONES.

TABBY RUSHES
OVER TO THE
TABLE AND STARTS
TO GATHER THEM
UP AND THROW
THEM DOWN THE
WASTE DISPOSAL
CHUTE)

22. INT. STREET OUTSIDE REZZIES' FLAT.

(MEL ARRIVES AT
THE FRONT DOOR.

TILDA IS WAITING
AT THE DOOR)

MEL: Hello.

TILDA: Hello, dear.

(SOUNDS OF
CLEARING UP
AND WASTE DISPOSAL
ARE PLAINLY
AUDIBLE WITHIN)

My friend, Tabby, is just tidying up. We're both very house-proud, you see. Particularly when we have guests.

(THE SOUNDS
STOP)

Yes, I think it's alright to go in now. Come on, my dear. I'm Tilda, by the way, what's your name?

MEL: Mel.

TILDA: Mel. (RELISHING IT) . Mel. What a delicious name.

(THEY ENTER THE
FLAT.

TILDA CLOSES
THE DOOR)

23. INT. THE REZZIES' FLAT.

(TABBY STANDS
BY A CLEARED
TABLE LOOKING
WELCOMING)

TILDA: Tabby, this is Mel.

MEL: Hello.

TABBY: Hello, my dear. Come in
and make yourself comfortable.

(MEL COMES FURTHER
INTO THE ROOM)

Oh dear, look at your poor hands.
We can't allow that, can we, Tilda?

TILDA: Certainly not. Sit down,
my dear, and let Tabby untie you.
And I'll put the kettle on.

(MEL SITS AND
TABBY STARTS
TO UNTIE HER.)

(TILDA PUTS ON
KETTLE)

TABBY: You must have been having a
horrid time, you poor girl. Who
did this to you?

MEL: The Kangs. The Red Kangs.

TABBY: Tut, tut, those Kangs are naughty girls. (PAUSE) You're not a Kang, are you?

MEL: No.

TILDA: No, we didn't think you were somehow. They're nasty, untrusting girls who would never take a cup of tea from harmless old folk like us, would they, Tabby?

TABBY: No.

(WE CUT AWAY
TO THE WASTE
DISPOSAL CHUTE
WHICH IS STILL
MAKING STRANGE
SOUNDS, LIGHTS
FLASH AND DIALS
WHIRL.

MEANWHILE TABBY
HAS FINISHED
UNTYING MEL)

There we are.

MEL: Thank you.

TABBY: But Mel's not at all like a Kang. She's a nice polite, clean, well spoken girl. Just the sort we like.

MEL: Excuse me -

TABBY: There you are, Tilda, what did I say, lovely manners. Saying 'excuse me' before she asks a question. (TO MEL) Yes, dear?

MEL: I was going to ask who you were?
(cont...)

MEL: (CONT.) I mean, like
Kangs are the Kangs and the Caretakers
are the -

TILDA: Oh, I see. Silly us.
We're the Rezzies.

MEL: The Rezzies.

TABBY: Well, some of the Rezzies
anyway. We've quite a few like-
minded friends here and there in
the Towers.

MEL: And have you always lived
here?

TILDA: We've been here for ever
such a long time if that's what
you mean. How about you?

MEL: I'm just visiting.

TABBY: A visitor? Well, well.
It must be a long time since the
Towers have seen any of those,
eh, Tilda?

TILDA: It takes you back, doesn't
it?

MEL: Does it? What was it like
before?

(TILDA, BRINGING
OVER A TEA POT
AND PLATE OF ODD-
LOOKING CAKES:)

TILDA: Never mind about that just now, Mel dear. Have some tea and cakes.

(SHE PLACES THEM
ON THE TABLE.

MEL LOOKS AT THEM
HUNGRILY.

THE REZZIES LOOK
AT HER)

MEL: Thanks. I'm really hungry.

TABBY: Yes, you're a thin little thing, aren't you? But don't worry, dear, Tilda and I will feed you up.

(THE REZZIES
WATCH AS MEL
REACHES FOR THE
CAKES)

24/25/26. INT. STREET

(THE DOCTOR IS
BEING FROG-
MARCHED ALONG
OFFICIALLY
BY TWO CARETAKERS.
BUT AT LEAST
HIS HANDS HAVE
BEEN UNTIED)

(THE DEPUTY CHIEF
PRODUCES A BOOK
OF REGULATIONS
AND PROCEEDS
LABORIOUSLY TO
THUMB THROUGH IT)

THE DOCTOR: Well?

DEPUTY: You're allowed to stop
for one and a half minutes for
every three thousand footsteps
walked.

THE DOCTOR: And that means?

DEPUTY: You can stand still for a while.

THE DOCTOR: Very generous of you.

(LOOKING UP AND
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

It must be a job keeping all these corridors clean and tidy.

DEPUTY: Yes. Especially the wallscrawl.

THE DOCTOR: That's what you call them, isn't it? Wallscrawlers?

DEPUTY: Yes. Dirty little pests. Look.

(HE POINTS TO
THE WALL.)

THE DOCTOR
EXAMINES THE
GRAFFITI)

THE DOCTOR: Still, for somebody as inquisitive as myself, such things are not without their interest.

(HE SUDDENLY COMES
FACE TO FACE WITH
A GRAFFITI OF A
WHITE MECHANICAL
CLAW OR MACHINE
ATTACKING A KANG)

Time and a half! What's that?

DEPUTY: (SHIFTILY) What's what?

(VERY FAINTLY THE
FAMILIAR WHIRRING
SOUNDS START UP,
GRADUALLY BUILDING
IN VOLUME)

THE DOCTOR: That er wallscrawl.
It looks like a Kang and something
attacking her. (GOING CLOSER)
Some sort of machine it looks like,
doesn't it? With a claw? (LOOKING
AT ANOTHER PICTURE) Only here it's
not a claw but some sort of drill.
And here (ANOTHER PICTURE) it's
some sort of nozzle to suck things
up. And -

DEPUTY: (CUTTING IN) The Wall-
scrawlers make up a lot of silly
pictures.

THE DOCTOR: Well, I hope that is
just a silly picture.

(SUDDENLY HE HEARS
THE WHIRRING SOUND)

What's that?

DEPUTY: I don't hear anything.

(THE DISTANT
SOUNDS GET
NEARER)

DEPUTY: (RAISING HIS RULE BOOK)
Look, sunshine, if there were
anything wrong, there'd be
instructions about how to deal
with it in here, wouldn't there?

(AT ONE END OF THE
CORRIDOR TOTALLY
VISIBLE FOR THE
FIRST TIME A
'CLEANER', LARGE,
GLEAMING, WHITE.

WITH BLADES
SWISHING AWAY
AT ITS SIDES.

LOUD WHIRRING
SOUND.

THE DOCTOR
WATCHES FASCINATED)

THE DOCTOR: Ah, I see. Some sort of advanced robotic cleaner. With oltrimotive bi-curval scraping blades. Impressive workmanship but nothing to be scared of, I'd have thought.

DEPUTY: (TRYING TO GRAB HIM) You don't understand -

THE DOCTOR: Not at present. But I intend to very soon.

(HE ADVANCES
TOWARDS THE
'CLEANER' WHICH
COMES CLOSER)

Now let's see those oltrimotive blades, shall we? (cont ...)

(THE 'CLEANER'
GETS CLOSER.)

THE DOCTOR
WAITS EXPECTANTLY.

SUDDENLY, UNSEEN
BY HIM, A LARGE
CLAW SHOOTS FROM
THE ROBOT'S HEAD
AND STARTS TO
REACH TOWARDS HIM.

AT THE LAST MOMENT
HE LOOKS UP AND
SEES IT. HE GASPS.

(THE DOCTOR
MANAGES TO
EVADE THE CLAW
AND THEN RUNS
FRANTICALLY BACK
DOWN THE STREET)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (BREATHLESSLY)
Do you do what I usually do in these
circumstances?

DEPUTY: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Run.

(THE DOCTOR
AND THE DEPUTY
TURN BACK.)

THE 'CLEANER'
IS GAINING ON
THEM.

THEY RUN BACK
TOWARDS IT AND
DODGE INTO A
SIDE STREET, A
SIGN 'TO LIFT'
HANGING HALF
OFF THE WALL)

27. INT. THE REZZIES' FLAT.

(THE REZZIES ARE
NOW IN FULL
FLOOD)

TILDA: Well, of course, in the old days, it was very different, wasn't it, Tabby?

TABBY: Very different.

MEL: So what happened?

TABBY: My memory isn't what it was. But one thing followed another. And before we knew where we were, we were in the pickle we are today.

TILDA: Everybody has to fend for themselves now, don't they, Tabby? Take what they can find. Have another cake, Mel? Go on.

MEL: (TAKING ANOTHER) Alright then. So you were here from the beginning were you?

TABBY: Yes. From when the Great Architect finished Paradise Towers and all the youngsters and all the oldsters were brought here.

MEL: And the rest? The in-betweens?

TABBY: I don't quite recall. But I think they had something else to do. A war to fight or something. It's all a very long time ago. I sometimes wonder whether we won that war or not.

TILDA: I don't suppose we'll ever know now, Tabby.

TABBY: Probably not, Tilda.

MEL: (EATING AWAY) Do you know anything about a swimming pool?

TILDA: A swimming pool? No, I don't think so. I've never heard of one have you, Tabby?

TABBY: No. Tilda. You'd be far better off staying here with us, dear. Wouldn't she, Tilda?

TILDA: Oh yes, Tabby. She can eat and eat to her heart's content and get nice and plump and healthy. Safe from those nasty Kangs.

MEL: Look, it's very kind of you both but I'm afraid I will have to go once I've finished my tea. It's very important.

TILDA: Nonsense, dear, there's no rush. Have another cake.

TABBY: We'll be very offended if you rush off so quickly.

MEL: (WEAKENING) Well, just a few more minutes maybe.

TILDA: That's it dear. Plenty of time.

TABBY: All the time in the world.
Make the most of the peace and quiet.

(SUDDENLY THERE IS
A LOUD SPLINTERING
SOUND AS OF A
DOOR BEING SMASHED
THROUGH.

THE REZZIES AND
MEL LOOK UP
STARTLED.

THERE STANDING
IN THE DOOR HE
HAS JUST SMASHED
THROUGH IS PEX.
HE IS A RAMBO-STYLE
FIGURE, GLEAMING
MUSCLES AND RUGGED
JAW.

HE CARRIES THE
INEVITABLE
MULTI-PURPOSE GUN.

A STUNNED PAUSE)

PEX: (DEEP MACHO TONES) Are these old ladies annoying you?

MEL: (CROSSLY) No.

PEX: Are you annoying these old ladies?

REZZIES: (CROSSLY) No. She isn't.

PEX: (SLIGHTLY CRESTFALLEN) Oh.

TILDA: I do wish you'd stop breaking through our door to try and save us.

TABBY: We've had to repair it three times already. It's not as if we've ever been in any danger.

TILDAY Except from bits of door flying all over the place.

MEL: (TO PEX) Look, who exactly are you?

(WE MOVE IN CLOSE
TO PEX AS HE
ANNOUNCES HEROICALLY)

PEX: The name's Pex. I put the world of Paradise Towers to rights.

28. INT. APPROACH TO THE LIFT.

(THE DOCTOR AND
THE CARETAKERS
ARE RUNNING
DOWN THE STREET
TOWARDS THE
OPEN LIFT.

BEHIND THEM
COMES THE
'CLEANER',
GETTING CLOSER
ALL THE TIME)

DEPUTY: Quick, into the lift.

THE DOCTOR: I thought none of the
lifts here worked.

DEPUTY: They don't.

(THEY RUSH INTO
THE LIFT AS
THE CLEANER
APPROACHES)

29/30. INT. INSIDE THE LIFT.

(THE DEPUTY,
THE CARETAKERS
AND THE DOCTOR
ARE INSIDE.

THE 'CLEANER'
IS COMING
ALONG THE
STREET BLADES
AND CLAW FLAILING.

THE DEPUTY
PRESSES THE
BUTTON, NOTHING
HAPPENS.

HE PUSHES AGAIN,
THE 'CLEANER'
GETS NEARER,
STILL NO SUCCESS)

THE DOCTOR: Here. Let me try.

(HE PUSHES THE
BUTTON WITH ALL
HIS MIGHT. AND
JUST AS THE
'CLEANER'
REACHES THE
LIFT DOOR, THE
LIFT DOOR
FINALLY SHUTS)

Where now?

31. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REZZIES' FLAT.

(MEL COMES OUT.

THE REZZIES
STAND AT THE
DOOR AND WAVE
AS SHE WALKS
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

TILDA: Till the next time, dear.

TABBY: We'll be looking out for you.
(BACK TO PEX) And would you mind
going now too please.

(PEX PUSHES
BETWEEN THE
TWO REZZIES
AND COMES OUT
OF THE FLAT.

THE REZZIES
SHUT WHAT IS
LEFT OF THE
DOOR BEHIND
THEM.

PEX CALLS AFTER
MEL)

PEX: Just a moment.

MEL: (STOPPING) What is it now?

PEX: You are going on a dangerous
journey.

MEL: So?

PEX: You need me to protect you.

MEL: I most certainly do not.

(THEIR VOICES
RECEDE AS THEY
WALK AWAY)

PEX: But that's my job. I am Pex.
I put the world of Paradise Towers
to rights.

MEL: Yes, I know all that. But I
still don't need you.

PEX: (SLIGHTLY PLAINTIVE) If you
don't need a protector, you might
need a guide. Someone who knows their
way about.

(THEIR VOICES
FADE AS THEY
DISAPPEAR
AROUND A
CORNER)

32. INT. CARETAKER'S HEADQUARTERS.

(THE CHIEF CARE-TAKER IS LOOKING AT HIS SCREEN. ON IT (IN BLACK AND WHITE) WE SEE THE DOCTOR AND THE CARETAKERS EMERGING RATHER BREATHLESS FROM THE LIFT.

FOR THE FIRST TIME THE DOCTOR IS FULLY VISIBLE)

CHIEF: I don't believe it ... it's not possible ... it can't be ...

(WE FINALLY SEE THE CHIEF CARETAKER'S FACE.

HE'S AN ELDERLY LARGE MAN IN A FRAYED BUT FLAMBOYANT COSTUME HALF WAY BETWEEN THAT OF A SOUTH AMERICAN DICTATOR AND A CHIEF COMMISSIONNAIRE.

PAUSE)

(THOUGHTFUL) It could be.

33. INT. SQUARE.

(IN ONE CORNER
THE BLUE KANGS
HAVE BUILT A
FUNERAL SHRINE
OF BITS OF METAL
AND DEBRIS.
ON TOP IS A
BANNER OF YELLOW)

BLUE KANG: Hail the Kang. Hail the
unalive Kang. Yellow of colour but
still brave and bold as a Kang should
be.

(THE OTHERS JOIN
IN, IN VARIOUS
WAYS.

THE CHANTING IS
REPEATED.

THE BLUE KANGS
PLACE THEIR
CROSSBOWS
AROUND THE
SHRINE)

34. INT. CORNER OF SQUARE.

(MEL AND PEX
ARE APPROACHING
WHEN MEL HEARS
THE CHANTING.

PEX IS ABOUT
TO CARRY ON
WHEN SHE
RESTRAINS HIM.

SHE LISTENS
FOR A MOMENT)

MEL: What's going on?

(PEX DOESN'T
ANSWER)

Pex, what's happening in the Paradise
Towers?

(THEY CONTINUE
TO STARE,
THE CHANTING
CONTINUES,
GROWING IN
MENACE)

35. INT. THE CARETAKER'S HEADQUARTERS.

(THE ROOM IS
LIKE A FUTURISTIC
SECURITY GUARDS'
ROOM WITH SCREENS
ROUND THE WALLS.)

A DOOR SLIDES
OPEN AND THE
CARETAKERS LEAD
IN THE DOCTOR.

THE CHIEF CARETAKER
SWIVELS IN HIS
CHAIR AWAY FROM
THE SCREEN HE'S
BEEN WATCHING
TO FACE HIM.

A PAUSE AS HE
STUDIES THE
DOCTOR)

DEPUTY: (STILL PANTING) Chief -

CHIEF: Later, Deputy.

(TURNING TO
THE DOCTOR)

Greetings.

THE DOCTOR: Greetings.

CHIEF: I am the Chief Caretaker.

THE DOCTOR: And I am -

CHIEF: No, no, there's no need to tell me. I know who you are. We have been waiting for this momentous visit for so many years. You are the man who brought Paradise Towers to life. The visionary who dreamed up its pools and lifts and squares. And now you have come back to your creation. You will make all those dilapidated lifts rise and fall as they have never done before. All signs of wall scrawl will disappear from the corridors of Paradise Towers. The floors will gleam. The fountains will tinkle. The windows will shine. The grass will glow. And all will be made as new.

(THE DOCTOR TRIES
TO SPEAK BUT
THE CHIEF CARETAKER
CUTS HIM OFF)

Fellow caretakers, do you know who this is? This is the Great Architect returned to Paradise Towers. Bid him welcome. All hail the Great Architect! All hail!

CARETAKERS: All hail!

(THE DOCTOR
IS ROUNDLY
CHEERED.)

THEN A SLIGHT
PAUSE)

DEPUTY: What do you want us to do now, Chief?

CHIEF: (SAVAGELY) Kill him.

(CLOSE UP OF
THE DOCTOR'S
APPALLED FACE)

FADE OUT